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1143

VOL. II.—No. 61. MANCHESTER, Saturday, October 9th. Price One Penny.

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The Buyer having visited the principal markets, has succeeded in securing a choice and elegant assortment of the newest productions of the most eminent makers, in which will be found a small but costly lot of very rich FRENCH BROCADE BROCATELLES, which F. B. will offer at Half their original value; also the most FAVOURITE TARTANS, in IRISH POPLINS, VELVETS, and SATINS.

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is replete with the productions of manufacturers best known for their most reliable and most durable make—most of which can be guaranteed.

FUR DEPARTMENT.

We invite special attention to the carefully selected STOCK of WELL-SEASONED FURS in this room, especially to a cheap but valuable Lot of SABLE and ERMINE FURS, advantageously purchased. CARRIAGE RUGS, FOOT MUFFS, and FUR TRIMMINGS.

MADE-UP ROBES, COSTUMES, and DRESSING GOWNS.

The variety here set forth is a full representation of all that is novel in the most favoured materials, including Plain and Clan Tartan SERGES, REPS, ITALIAN TWILLS, MERINOES, &c.

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NEW TARTAN PLAIDS in FRENCH POPLINS and REPS.

SCOTCH ALL WOOL TARTANS.

THE NEW SATIN LAINE CLOTH,
Autumn Shades in FRENCH SILK and WOOL REPS.
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SPECIALITE.—A desirable lot of FANCY REPS at 9s. 4½d. full dress, worth 12s. 6d.

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Special attention is directed to a parcel of FRENCH MERINOES, in seasonable colours, at 1s. 9½d. and 2s. 6½d. per yard.

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In this Department will be found a complete assortment of what is new and tasteful.

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The now prevailing TARTAN TRIMMINGS, in all Clans.

FALKNER BROTHERS'
EXPOSITION OF AUTUMN FASHIONS FOR 1869,
STEVENSON SQUARE.

G. R. Allinson, General Manchester Warehouse). Families supplied Any length cut from the Piece at Wholesale Prices. (54 & 54a, High-st.

THE GREAT DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE first Earl of Bridgewater (son of Sir Thomas Egerton, Baron Ellesmere, Lord Chancellor of England) died in 1649, in the last month of the year which saw Charles the First beheaded at Whitehall. His estates descended unimpaired to his son John, the second earl of Bridgewater, the same who had played the Elder Brother in *Comus*. He was succeeded by his son and namesake, John, who died (in 1701) First Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty. It is noticeable that during the lifetime of this, the third earl, the great estates of the Egertons were partly broken up. His third son, Thomas, we are told, "was seated at Tatton Park, in Cheshire," and there he founded the family of which the present Lord Egerton of Tatton is the representative. Again, William, the second son, "was seated at Worsley, in the County Palatine of Lancaster;" but, though married twice, he did not leave male issue, so that he founded no family of Egertons of Worsley, and that manor became once more an appanage of the Bridgewater peerage. Which peerage became a dukedom in the time of Scroop, fourth earl of Bridgewater (1681-1745), elder brother of Thomas of Tatton and William of Worsley aforesaid. He was succeeded by his son John, second duke of Bridgewater (1727-1748), who enjoyed the title only a few years, dying unmarried and unremembered in the February of 1748. This unremembered duke was succeeded by his younger brother, FRANCIS, the third, the last, the memorable Duke of Bridgewater, the founder of British canal navigation.

The "great" Duke of Bridgewater, as he has been fondly called, was born on the 21st of May, 1736, and thus, when his father died in 1745, he was a boy of nine. A year after, his widowed mother married Sir Richard Lyttelton of Hagley, and, happy in her new union, she seems to have neglected a child who was not only sickly, but of such unpromising intellect that it is said to have been in contemplation to exclude him, on this ground, from the ducal succession. He was twelve when the death of his consumptive brother made him Duke of Bridgewater, and it was perhaps too late for his mother and his stepfather to repair, even if they had been willing, the deficiencies of an education as neglected as his had been. When it became evident that the sickly boy was not likely to follow his brother prematurely to the grave, his guardians, the Duke of Bedford and Lord Trentham (afterwards Earl Gower and Marquis of Stafford, who had married the young duke's sister) took him in hand, and sent him abroad, ignorant and awkward, to make what in those days was called "the grand tour." A scholar and a man of the world, famous in his day and generation, was assigned as tutor to the young duke. This was Wood, the Eastern traveller and Homeric scholar, whom Lord Chatham afterwards converted into an Under-Secretary of State. He had returned from exploring the ruins of Palmyra, and had just published his well-known record of exploration, when he was started on a continental tour with his unlicked cub of a duke, a youth of 17. The pair, as may be supposed, did not much relish each other's society, and "evidence," says Lord Ellesmere neatly, "exists that Wood often wished himself back in the desert he had so lately left." The Duke refused to be taught dancing in Paris, and if his tutor induced him to purchase at Rome some marbles and other art products or commodities of the Eternal City, his unlettered and uncultivated Grace was content with paying for them, and it stands recorded that "they remained in their original packing-cases till after his death." The first notice of him after his return from the continent is a newspaper paragraph belonging to the October of 1755:—"A marriage will soon be consummated between his Grace the Duke of Bridgewater and Miss Revel, his Grace being just arrived from Foreign parts." The lady was a considerable heiress, but the match came to nothing, and a Warren of Cheshire proved the lucky man. Whether it was a serious disappointment or a disappointment at all, is unknown; but four years afterwards his Grace failed in a love suit, and felt the failure with a keenness which determined his subsequent career. In 1751, two young Irish sisters, Maria and Elizabeth Gunning, had taken the town by storm with a beauty which, from the canvas of Reynolds, still fascinates the beholder. They were of good birth, but so poor that they thought at one time of going on the stage, and when they were first presented to the Lord Lieutenant, at Dublin Castle, kind Peg Woffington had to lend them the clothes in which to appear. High and low, rich and poor, worshipped at the shrines of these Venuses, as soon as they made their appearance in London. They were mobbed at their doors by the multitude eager to catch a sight of them, and theatres were crammed when it was known that they were to be present. The year after their arrival in London both of them were married, within a month of each other, Elizabeth to the Duke of Hamilton, Maria to the Earl of Coventry; and the fame of these matches was such that in Ireland, according to Horace Walpole, a common blessing of the beggarwomen was: "May the luck of the Gunnings attend you!" The Duchess of Hamilton was a widow when, soon after attaining his majority, the young Duke of Bridgewater, smitten by her charms, proposed and was accepted. Lady Coventry's reputation had suffered from scandal, and the Duke, with a simplicity singular in those days, announced to his betrothed that her intimacy with her sister must cease with her marriage to him. Of course, the Duchess of Hamilton hesitated, but the Duke was firm, and, finding her resist, he broke off the marriage. Had things gone otherwise, the Duke of Bridgewater might have led the life of an ordinary nobleman of his day, gone deeper into the horse racing which he already affected, gambled and betted at White's, produced a large family of children, and never have figured in this gallery of Lancashire Worthies. Even had he prolonged his negotiations a little, a very little, the obstacle to his union would have been removed, since Lady Coventry died of consumption in 1759. But before then the Duchess of Hamilton had married a Colonel Campbell, who, becoming afterwards Duke of Argyle, placed a second ducal coronet on the brow of the lovely Irish adventuress. Just after the marriage, the Duke of Bridgewater gave what even Horace Walpole calls "a great ball;" perhaps it was given to veil his chagrin; perhaps it was meant as a farewell to the world of fashion. In any case, very soon afterwards, and in his twenty-third year, the Duke withdrew from London and its gaieties for the rest of his life, as it were, and buried himself, not even among the "myrtles of Ashbridge," but in the old-fashioned manor-house of what must then have been the wilds of Worsley. From this ducal Hegira dates the rise of British canal-navigation.

When his young Grace of Bridgewater migrated from the clubs of St. James's Street to the coal-fields of Worsley, on the skirts of Chat Moss, British Industrialism was on the verge of that enormous expansion which has become the wonder of the world, and which would have been impossible without a revolution in the then existing means of communication, transit, and transport, throughout the island. In 1759, James Watt, *ætat* 23, had settled down in his little shop within the precincts of Glasgow University, and in that year it was that his friend Robison first called his attention to the steam-engine, in Newcomen's form of it. In the same year, Watt's future friend and patron, Matthew Boulton, succeeded to his father's business, and, determining to enlarge it, was beginning the quest which ended in his establishment at the famous Soho. In 1759, Joseph Wedgwood began business on his own account, "in a humble cottage near the Market-house in Burslem;" while the English iron trade was being developed by the large and regular use of pit-coal in the blasting-furnaces of Coalbrookdale; and on the 1st of January, 1760, the first furnace was blown in the Carron Iron Works, founded by Dr. Roebuck, the grandfather of John Arthur. In 1760, too, an illiterate Lancashire weaver, named James Hargreaves, was inventing his carding-engine, the precursor of his much more famous spinning-jenny; and in the same year there settled in Bolton, in his old trade of barber, one Richard Arkwright, who was destined to found our modern factory system. The trade of Manchester was largely increasing, though its population was little more than 20,000, and a year or two before, the Leeds clothiers, finding "the old Norman Bridge at the foot of Briggate" no longer sufficient for their weekly market, had opened for their new mart "a commodious building now

known as the Mixed Cloth Hall." The commerce of Liverpool, as of other English ports, was growing fast, though it was a time of war, for by the great commoner, then in the plenitude of his power and at the zenith of his fame, commerce—as the grateful inscription on his monument in Guildhall declares—was "united with, and made to flourish by, war." The British merchant, moreover, trading with West and East, had the ocean highway, from which Pitt's admirals were sweeping the enemy's flag; but at home road-making was in its infancy, and the absence of good roads obstructed the development of every branch of domestic industry. The cottons of Manchester and the woollens of Leeds had to be conveyed from place to place by pack-horses, jogging along in single file, on what were tracks rather than roads. "It was cheaper to bring foreign wares to London by sea than to bring them by tedious journeys on horses' backs from the interior of the country." The rate of carriage between Leeds and London was £13 a ton. When Josiah Wedgwood's trade began to extend, and a general demand for his earthenware to spring up, we are told that the roads in his neighbourhood were so bad that he was prevented from obtaining a sufficient supply of the best kinds of clay. The transport of the very necessaries of life was rendered difficult, and their price enhanced in populous centres, since there was no mode of supplying the scarcity of one district by the plenty of another. For some years before 1758, there were annual riots in Manchester caused by a dearness of provisions, a dearness heightened, no doubt, by a local monopoly of flour-making. "Since that time," says Dr. Aikin, writing in 1795, "the demand for corn and flour has been increasing to a vast amount, and new sources of supply have been opened from distant parts by the navigations, so that monopoly or scarcity cannot be apprehended, though the price of these articles must always be high in a district which produces so little and consumes so much."

By "navigations" the Doctor meant canals, of the kind of which in England the Duke of Bridgewater was the originator. Though the great canal systems of the continent—those of France, Italy, and Holland—must have long been familiar to many travelled Englishmen, the notion of imitating them seems never to have been entertained until just before the Duke of Bridgewater's arrival at Worsley. The improvement of internal water communication had until then been almost exclusively limited to existing streams and rivers. Some useful work of this kind had been done before; at the hest of the Duke of Bridgewater, the canal proper, made independently of river or stream, came into existence in these realms. So early as 1720, an act was obtained by enterprising persons in Liverpool and Manchester, in virtue of which a sort of water communication was established between the two towns, by applying to the Irwell the usual contrivances of locks, weirs, and so forth, and even by cuts across the necks of the principal bends of the winding stream. From the Irwell to Liverpool, by the Mersey, there was already a "navigation," and thus a water communication between Liverpool and Manchester. "But," adds Dr. Aikin, "the want of water in droughts, and its too great abundance in floods, are circumstances under which this, as well as most other river navigations, has laboured. It has been an expensive concern, and has at times been more burthensome to its proprietors than useful to the public." Then, again, about the same time, the gentlemen of Cheshire obtained an act for making navigable the river Weaver for twenty miles, whereby the rock salt from Northwich was conveyed more cheaply to Liverpool, and furnished a profitable article for loading or ballast to ships outward-bound from that port. More noteworthy, however, than these enterprises, or any other of the same sort, was the Sankey Brook navigation, one section of which undoubtedly was to be a canal not communicating with the brook itself. But the Sankey Brook was the basis of the whole scheme, and without it the scheme would not have been undertaken. The act authorizing it was passed in 1755.

In the early part of 1759 the Duke of Bridgewater made his first application to parliament for a canal act. It authorized him, among other things, to make a canal from Worsley to Salford, and, if successful, the project promised to be of much direct advantage to himself, as well as to the population of Manchester. In the neighbourhood of Manchester there was abundance of coal, which its inhabitants were ready to buy. But the roads to and from Manchester were as bad as those of Lancashire generally then, and afterwards, as when, for instance, years later, Arthur Young, journeying on that between Wigan and "Proud" Preston itself, declared that he knew not "in what language to describe this infernal road," cautioning all who might "accidentally propose to travel this terrible country to avoid it as they would the devil." The ruts he had "actually measured," and found them to be "four feet deep, and floating with mud only from a wet summer." Well might Arthur ask "What must it be after a winter?"—and in winter the demand for coal was greater than in summer. This state of things made the produce of most of the collieries near Manchester unavailable for its inhabitants, and, while the price of coal at the pit mouth was 10d. the horse-load of 280lbs., it was usually more than doubled before it reached the fire-places and workshops of Manchester. The Duke's own coal-seams, it is true, were not far from the Irwell, but what with the cost of carrying the coal on horses' backs to the stream, the high charge levied by the Mersey and Irwell Navigation Company for transporting it in their boats, slowly tugged by men, and the subsequent cost of unloading and carriage to Manchester on horses' backs again, the river was a most expensive highway. It was primarily to improve the Manchester market for his coals that the Duke applied for his first canal act. As soon as it was passed he started for Worsley, to carry out its provisions in person and on the spot.

A WALK TO STYAL.

FOR an autumn afternoon ramble there are few so pleasant in our neighbourhood as that along the valley of the Bollin to Styal. Selecting for our walk one of those balmy days that come "fitfully, like broken music"—a day of softened brightness, dashed with wandering showers—we take a place for Bowdon in the train that leaves the Oxford Road Station. At Bowdon we take the Ashley Road, and, after proceeding along it for a little distance, turn to the left, and descend to Peel Causeway, getting as we go a pleasant outlook over the woodlands of East and South Cheshire. Our road crosses the Cheshire Midland line, and brings us, after a while, to the queer little old-fashioned ale-house, whitewashed and thatched, yclept the Old Bleeding Wolf. It is said to be one of the oldest hostelries in the county, perhaps old enough to justify the vague legend of its name having originated in the circumstance of a wounded wolf having sought shelter within it. We rest a while in the little sanded parlour, with its window ornamented with pleasant plants, taste the malt liquor of the house, and then turn out again to pursue our walk. The choice of two ways lies before us: one by the road through the village of Ashley to Castle Mill, the other through the fields by the Bollin side to the same place. Were we disposed to take the road we should pass Ashley Hall, which stands a little distance from here, on a grassy knoll to the right of the road. It is an old, gabled, and stuccoed building, of considerable antiquity, having belonged successively to the Masseys, Ashleys, Breretons, and Asshetons. It is now, however, much reduced in size, and shorn of many of its attractions. In its great oak dining-room there were, until recently, the full-length portraits of the noblemen and gentlemen of Cheshire, who met during the rebellion to consider whether they should join the standard of the Pretender. The meeting was presided over by Sir Thomas Assheton, who gave his casting vote against the Pretender, an act which is said to have greatly affected the fortunes of Bonnie Prince Charlie. The portraits have been removed to Tatton Hall.

The path by the Bollin is by far the most privileged, so we take the road to the left, which brings us to an old moated grange, flanked with a long line of solemn yews. Passing this, we cross a stile and go by a field path to the right, and, skirting the edge of a wood, drop down into the valley and beside the stream. The Bollin, swollen with recent rains, flows turbidly between banks "green from aftermath," fringed with whispering poplars. The high ground on each side of the little valley is well wooded, and the trees stand out against the softened light of the sky. It is a day favourable to tender mellow colouring, and we get beautiful effects of light and shade and grouping. The river winds about in serpentine fashion, and, following it up the stream, we get changing pictures at every turn. In due time, after passing two rustic bridges, we come to a point where the valley opens out and appears to terminate in a green space, sheltered on one side by a thick wood, and on the other by high banks. At the farther end of the opening is Castle Mill, picturesquely placed on the stream, and facing the road which here crosses the valley. It is a corn mill, with an undershot

water-wheel. Here, it is said, are vestiges of the earthworks of a Roman fortress, which have given a name to the place. Sir Peter Leycester says that Hamo de Masci, Baron of Dunham Massey and Ashley, here grafted a Norman Castellet on the remains of the Roman works, the place being then known as Ullerwda, or Ullerwelle. We pass out by the mill into the road, and, taking the turn to the right, linger for a while to watch the mill race and a pretty cascade formed by the weir. Looking down along the valley from here we get a charming view of it and of the winding stream through the interlacing boughs of trees.

Pursuing our walk we pass Cottrell Clough to the left, sombre in its depth of shade, and with the great bracken ferns fading to russet brown in its green hollows. Farther on is a farm house of the true Cheshire type, warmly roofed with thatch and clean with whitewash. In its pleasant disordered garden, in which heavy dahlias mingle with fuschias in sweet confusion, is an old yew, with the night in its dark branches and twilight around it. Everything about the exterior arrangements display exquisite cleanliness, and a quiet Saturday evening rest seems to lie about the homestead. A keen observer of nature has said that "if the attention is awake and the feelings in proper train, a turn of a country road, with a cottage beside it which we have not seen before, is as much as we need of novelty and refreshment for the mind." At the top of the lane we come out upon a road, and are again in a level country. Turning to the right we pass another farm house (in the barn of which the ancient flail is being used to thrash out the corn), and come to where the junction of two roads is marked by a great block of stone. We take the one to the left, which leads to Styal. Twilight is stealing on, and the woodlands are darkening into purple. In the meadows partridges and hares are feeding, with that confidence which is characteristic of game on an estate which is strictly preserved. The shorn stubble fields, from which the grain has been garnered, lie yellow and bare between the hedgerows. Only the bean sheaves remain of the harvest, and these, standing in long rows, give a rich dark colouring to the landscape. From the trees that fringe the road the dead leaves sail along the wind in the fading light. More cottages we pass, getting pretty idyllic effects where the fruit is being gathered from orchard boughs, to the delight of merry children, who tumble in the grass about the tree-holes. We have evidence that the ordnance survey is at work, for we pass a landmark which we are warned not to remove under heavy penalties. To the right as we go we see Alderley Edge, with its serrated line of trees clearly defined against the sky.

Entering Styal we get sight of the Elizabethan chimnies and bell turret of Norcliffe Hall, rising above the dark tree tops. This is the residence of Mr. R. H. Greg, who owns much of the village and land hereabouts. The grounds about the hall are carefully laid out, picturesque effects being got from a rocky glen, through which the Bollin flows. It is a treat to come here when the rhododendrons and azaleas are in full bloom. The munificence of the Gregs has transformed Styal architecturally into a model village. Here and there you come upon a high-roofed

> Tudor-chimnied bulk
> Of mellow brickwork on an isle of bowers,

that would delight Mr. Ruskin. On a green bank surrounded by a garden, and facing the setting sun, which glows brightly on its diamond paned oriels with their dark wood sashes, is a house which, in the cheerful warmth of red brick and russet brown of its roof, startles us with effects of colour which we had scarcely thought possible for such materials.

In this village of Styal is a capital inn called The Old Ship, a representation of which said old vessel hangs out on the swinging signboard over the door. Here you can rely upon a bountiful supply of creature comforts, well served up, with the additional satisfaction of prompt and civil attention from neatly-attired handmaidens. The evening has closed in as we enter the door and make our own way to the bright and cheerful kitchen. In due time we are taking tea, with ham and eggs, in the cosy little parlour, by the light of mould candles. A little later we are seated on the carved oak settle in the still cosier bar, between portly farmers of the true Saxon type, ruddy-faced, fair-haired, and blue-eyed, who look pictures of rude health. The election for East Cheshire is at hand; the walls of the bar are adorned with the blue and red manifestoes of the candidates. Our farmer friends, we find, are staunch blue, and confident of victory. Good-humouredly merry are they in a quiet way with one who is evidently no son of the soil, being less full fed than they—a keen old man with spectacles on nose, who has radical written on his face, and who firmly believes that the red will triumph.

Somewhat reluctantly, we leave the cheery inn and pass out into the night. Ten miles or more are before us, so we step out briskly. The night is fine, and the soft air favourable to gentle reflective thought. Through Gatley, straggling wide about its green, we go; then through Cheadle and Didsbury, until the light of the city flares in heaven "like a dreary dawn," and we enter its streets once more.

DESERTED CITY CHURCHES.

ST. MARY'S.

OUR church-going has of late been desultory and immethodical, not to say intermittent. *Paucus deorum cultor, et infrequens* may, we fear, describe us with too much correctness to such of our readers as have been threatened with penalties for their Latin, or for the want of it, while for the benefit of the others we may render it as

> Few are the temples—the occasions rare—
> That find us praising, or intent at prayer.

Not that we desire to behave otherwise than as behoves a good citizen, but that we have not been sufficiently educated in the nice distinctions which are affected by the various portions of which the religious world is constituted. We do not know any method of distinguishing a Wesleyan from a member of the Methodist Free Church—in fact the latter seems a hopeless entanglement to us. We thought Methodists always had chapels. But, granting them a church, what does "free" mean? Are they "open" as well, and does the Coroner sit in judgment upon them? How must you tell a United Presbyterian from one that is not united, if any such there be, or are there none, and is the marriage certificate a kind of card of admission? What are "Bible Christians," and what distinguishes them from other Christians such as (say) the Christian Young Men's Association, and either of them from the Christian Brethren? A Welsh Calvinistic Methodist body presents questions at which the mind reels, but we "suppose they understand one another," as the railway guard surmised of his Greek passengers one Saturday afternoon to the Blackpool station master.

Pondering these things, we assembled ourselves for what our commanding officer, by a happy elision, terms "church parade," at St. Mary's Church, on a recent Sunday morning at half-past ten. Not seeing any one else about, we thought we had, like the man in the moon (not the Bridgwater trompear), come down too soon. But no, there was the white surplice floating in the breeze just inside the doorway, as if the parson were ready for a funeral or any other performance in his line. Having watched three persons enter the building without returning, we ventured in, and were speedily made the property of an old lady, who marched us in state along the middle aisle to a pew about half way up the church. Some dozen or so in addition to ourselves appearing to warrant the clergyman in having a service, he wiped the dew of anxiety from the brow of care with the surplice of spotlessness, and began.

The Rev. Ernest Augustus Lang is a rather neat-looking man of some nine lustres, as we should judge. After passing through the diseases incidental to curate-hood, at the Snigbruck Old Church, the Cathedral Chapter showed their opinion of him by appointing him to St. Mary's, in preference, we believe, to Mr. Gallagher's friend of St. John Baptist's, in Hulme. The service being established as a fact, the news was conveyed to the outside by some telegraphic or other agency invisible to us, for presently people began to hurry in, and, by the end of the psalms, a congregation of about two score, say one for each of the thirty-nine articles, were more or less comfortably seated.

Mr. Lang read the prayers in a soft and rather sweet voice, marred occasionally by some throat weakness or obstruction. He also preached a sermon of about twenty minutes' length, but we were all the time so irresistibly reminded of a worthy Town Hall official, that we almost expected to be asked, at the end of the service, as we have been by the past and present deputy of Joseph Heron, Registrar—"gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?" so great was the resemblance of voice and manner.

The musical part of the service was very fairly done, a quartette party of ladies and gentlemen occupying the loftiest singing loft we ever saw, at the tower end of the church, in front of the organ, the opposite end having a semicircular apse or chancel, in which is a scene-painting sort of window, in a questionable state of repair. We suppose it would be wrong to call them altar lights, but there are over each end of the Communion Table two gas brackets jutting out of the wall at the back. The Creed and Paternoster are displayed on each side of them, and we began to wonder whether this was an insidious attempt to bracket the Prayer Book, after Dean Mc Neile's notion. The gas was not lighted, so no light was thrown on the matter, and we were compelled to leave the subject.

St. Mary's Church was built about the year 1756, and we should say it has never been beautified or repaired since. The walls—we are speaking of the inside—have been covered with some kind of colour wash, which has blistered and swelled and burst with the alternate cold and heat of the seasons and the continual damp, and is actually and literally mouldering away. The only dry thing in the church seemed to be the service. It was dry Anglicanism *pur sang*, perhaps the most revolting form of Christian worship. The residents seem to have left the neighbourhood, but if they hadn't we don't see why they should come, at least more than once. Surely the patrons, the Dean and Chapter, might do something to amend such a state of things as this, if—to put it on a low ground—it were only for their own credit's sake and the value of their property. At present it is a "frightful example," as the Alliance people would say, a scandal to the church's system of which it is a part, and a waste or misuse of the means devoted to the spread of religion. The outside part of a church, ugly though it be, is often beyond the minister's means or control. The inside is at the mercy of himself and the wardens or congregation. They can at least make it clean, dry, and tolerably cheerful, if not brilliant, but the mildewed walls and dropping plaster of St. Mary's would disgrace a coal cellar.

The spire of St. Mary's was a few years since found to be unsafe, and was removed. How soon is the rest of the building to follow?

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

OUR LOCAL J.P.'S.

IT will hardly have escaped the recollection of our readers that, about two months ago, considerable dissatisfaction was caused by the absence of the stipendiary from the City Police Court, and the difficulty of obtaining substitutes from the ranks of the great unpaid. Mr. Headlam, it will be remembered, had been placed upon the grand jury at the assizes—though why nobody was able to explain, and his presence there could easily have been dispensed with—and the arrangements for the administration of justice at the court in Bridge Street were thrown into complete disorder. Well, on a smaller but not less irritating scale, the farce was repeated on Tuesday last. The stipendiary was again absent, having been required, as we understand, to attend at the County Gaol; and business was actually suspended for an hour and a half because no one of the eighteen magistrates on the roll for the week was present in court, or could be induced to put in an appearance. It is a sufficient commentary on such a state of affairs to remark that the time of at least a hundred people—lawyers, prosecutors, witnesses, and the like—was literally wasted by this discreditable neglect of duty.

THE THEATRES.

Notwithstanding the oft-repeated remarks upon the decline of the legitimate drama and Mr. Chatterton's assertion that Shakespere won't "draw," we find several evidences to the contrary, both in London and the provinces. In Manchester, *A Winter's Tale* has now been played for a month to excellent houses, and this in spite of some very indifferent acting, tedious elaborations, and the eccentric vagaries of the lime-light. More than 40,000 people have already witnessed the play, and its attractiveness seems to suffer no diminution. We should like to see *King John* revived, with three efficient actors in the parts of the King, Falconbridge, and Hubert. The Haymarket Company are about to conclude a three months' tour in the provinces, half of which, we feel proud to say, has been devoted to Manchester. They have drawn excellent houses wherever they have gone, and have confined themselves almost entirely to old standard comedies, including Shakespere's *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*. In Miss Robertson we consider that we have the most promising young actress on the stage since Miss Kate Terry's retirement. We understand that she and her husband, Mr. Kendal, have signed an engagement with Mr. Buckstone for a lengthened period. Referring to our recent paragraphs concerning Mr. Howe and the *Lady of Lyons*, Mr. L. C. Gent writes:—"When the play was first produced, the First Officer was called Captain Gervais, and this was the character played by Mr. Howe. The Second and Third Officers were termed Captain Dupont and Major Desmoulins, and the characters were played by Pritchard and Roberts. The original Glavis was Drinkwater Meadows; Beauseant, poor Elton (subsequently drowned at sea); Damas, Bartley; Claude Melnotte, Macready; Pauline, Miss Helen Faucit."

THE "FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW" AND THE "SPHINX."

King of literature, in the estimation of a great many influential literary men, is the *Fortnightly Review*. Literature of this high and mighty kind is, however, unfortunately not always the most popular—especially when it costs two shillings a number. It is, accordingly, just within the bounds of possibility that one or two of our readers may not be in the habit of perusing the *Fortnightly Review*, and consequently may not have observed in the current number an allusion to ourselves in which they may be interested. An article on The Morality of Field Sports—which, by the way, is well worth reading—written by E. A. Freeman, M.A., author of a *History of the Norman Conquest*, contains the following passage:

> I sometimes see in advocates of humanity a strange shrinking from grappling with this particular form of cruelty [hunting]. I was much struck with this in a clever local paper which I once bought at Manchester, which contained an article on cruelty to animals, well and vigorously written, and, if anything, on some points going a little too far in the direction of Lord Townshend. But when the article came to "the debatable ground of sport" the writer suddenly found that he had neither space nor inclination to enter on the subject. I must call this a cowardly shrinking from duty.

When a periodical which is so influential as to number amongst its contributors Mr. Mill and Professor Huxley—not to mention the savoury Swinburne—charges us with "a cowardly shrinking from duty," the accusation is worth replying to. Our reply is this. We shrewdly suspect our readers don't like us to write long articles. Dealing with the simple elements of the subject of cruelty occupied more space than we could well allow it, as anyone who takes the trouble to turn back to pages 89 and 90 may perceive. If we had gone into the vexed question of "sport," nobody would have read the article—except, perhaps, the editor, the writer, and, it would seem, Mr. Freeman. We think "the writer" may fairly be excused for having no "inclination" to write an article which next to nobody would read. The *Fortnightly Review*, who appears to quote from memory, is accidentally not quite fair. Our exact words were these:

> We pass by *what is commonly called "sport,"* as a debatable point which we have neither time, nor space, nor inclination to argue here.

It will be seen that we do "enter on the subject." What we have "neither time, nor space, nor inclination for" is, not expression of opinion, but argument. And that even Mr. Freeman thinks the point

is debatable, is best proved by his devoting 32 pages of the *Fortnightly Review* to its discussion. We imagine that the personal conviction of "the writer" is sufficiently evident from the words we have put in italics—words which seem to have escaped the memory of the *Fortnightly Reviewer*, but which, we submit, rebut his charge of cowardly silence. In truth, much of "the writer's" disinclination to discuss the subject arose, as well as from reasons of time and space, from the fact that while he admits the point to be debatable, he entertains individually so settled a conviction of the barbarity of field sports that he had hardly patience to discuss the question, and thought he might more usefully direct his readers' attention to equally flagrant abuses, which are not so firmly settled in popular stupidity and selfishness. As for cowardice, will somebody please tell us what it is? We have looked in our office dictionary, but it does not contain the word.

MANCHESTER ACTORS IN LONDON.

Several Manchester actors—using that phrase merely for convenience as denoting old favourites of the Manchester playgoing public—have recently assumed unusual prominence on the London stage. Mr. Barry Sullivan, who played *Money* and *The School for Scandal* with great success during the whole of the summer season at the New Holborn Theatre, has resumed his management, and opened for the winter season on Saturday last. A large proportion of his company consists of old Manchester favourites. Mr. Sullivan himself was the leading actor of the stock company at the Theatre Royal for several years, and his corps includes Mr. W. H. Stephens, an excellent actor of old men's parts, Messrs. J. C. Cowper, Horsman, Dyas, and others, all of whom were formerly members of the Manchester Company. Mrs. John Wood, so long a favourite at the Theatre Royal, after a lengthened sojourn in America, where she was the lessee of the Olympic Theatre, New York, has returned to this country for a permanence, and is about to open the St. James's Theatre with an operetta of Offenbach's, and the everlasting *School for Scandal*. Several popular American actors have followed Mrs. Wood across the Atlantic, and her company also includes Miss Herbert as leading actress, and Mr. William Farren, who will not confine himself to his Haymarket line of characters, but will undertake other parts in which he has lately shown much efficiency, witness his powerful representation of the rascally clerk in Byron's *Blow for Blow*. Miss Brennan, formerly of the Manchester Theatres, has become a great favourite in London. But of all the actors who have lately left this city for the metropolitan stage, the one who, in spite of certain physical disadvantages, has made the greatest hit, is Mr. Henry Irving. Mr. Irving throws an individuality into his representations which is very effective, and he has fully succeeded in making his mark on the London boards.

THE NEW BARONETS.

MR. Gladstone has been distributing titles pretty lavishly among the large towns, and Manchester has come in for its full share of them. No Manchester man has been created a baronet since the late Sir Benjamin Heywood was made one, soon after the passing of the first Reform Bill. Now we have three full fledged baronets at one batch. On the whole we see no reason to find fault with the Premier's selection, and with a knight for a Town Clerk, we can do with a few eminent engineers and manufacturers enjoying the loftier title. As the "whirligig of time brings round its revenges," who knows what wonders may be in store for us or for those who follow after. Perhaps Baron Throstlenest, Viscount Expender, and other additions to the peerage and baronetage of this empire.

Mr. Bazley, or perhaps we ought to say, Sir Thomas Bazley, Bart., has always been a steady and consistent supporter of his own party, leaning to the radical section of it, and when, as now, that party is in the ascendant, it is quite right, legitimate, and fitting that their faithful supporter, in other respects eligible, should be rewarded with honour, if they are so minded. Whatever Mr. Bazley's, we beg pardon, Sir Thomas's political or other qualifications are, he will at least look the character, and we have no doubt he will bestow his attentions upon his constituents, and give them orders of admission to the House of Commons with as much urbanity and suavity as of old. Sir Thomas Bazley is wealthy, and his grandson will be enormously rich, so there will be abundance of the needful to keep up the dignity of the baronetcy. Probably when the third baronet comes to the title, he will know as little about Manchester, cotton spinning, carding, roving, slubbing, stripping, and other euphonious technical terms concerning what his grandfather calls the "staple trade" of the place, as most country baronets do.

Sir William Fairbairn, who hitherto has been known as Mr., with a great number of F.R.S.'s and other letters coming after his surname, refused a knighthood some years since, as did also his eldest surviving son, Thomas, when he was chairman of the Art Treasures Exhibition Committee in 1857. Sir William Fairbairn said publicly, some time since, that he wished to be known as plain William Fairbairn; but what of that? Circumstances alter cases. Did not Lord Chancellor Campbell, when a commoner, declare to the Edinburgh constituency that he should always remain "plain" John Cawmel, and yet plain Jock shortly afterwards was made a peer, and his wife a peeress in her own right. Sir William Fairbairn is a Scotchman. He was born in Kelso about eighty years ago. But of those eighty years nearly seventy have been spent in England, and it is more than half a century since Sir William settled in Manchester and commenced business here. His first great work was the substitution of iron for wood in the shafting of cotton mills, whereby the cost of machinery was greatly economized, the improvement enabling the motion to be speeded from 40 to 160 revolutions per minute. His greatest work, the one with which his name will be chiefly associated hereafter, was the realization of the tubular bridge across the Menai Straits, the first of more than a hundred now erected upon a similar principle.

The third recipient of the baronetage in Manchester is Mr. Joseph Whitworth, the eminent machinist and gunmaker, the constructor of the marvellous standard instrument for the measurement of the millionth of an inch, and the donor of £100,000 for the establishment of scientific scholarships. We are almost surprised that he accepted the title, as he is without an heir. Sir Joseph, however, is a man of unquestionable genius, and if Mr. Gladstone had chosen to prefer him to one of the vacant bishoprics, we should not have objected.

A DAY AT BUXTON.

BUXTON is at what people call "a convenient distance" from Manchester; that is to say, it is quite possible for us smoke-begrimed cotton-workers to get out of bed at Broughton, or Hulme, or Cheetham Hill, and to breakfast at the Old Hall, or the Royal, or any other Buxton Hotel which will receive us. Suppose us, then, to have taken the first train, and to be safely landed in the town of chalk and water. If our nerves, not to speak of our stomach, will stand it, we may follow the example of a good many Buxton visitors, and try the waters at once, before breakfast. The ancient damsels who work the pumps have been at their post since all sorts of early hours this morning, and scores of patients have already swallowed their one, two, or even three tumblersfull, as the case may be. You don't like an insipid hot taste in your mouth, the first thing in the morning? Well, then, let us enter a hotel, and order breakfast. But really Buxton water is a mere trifle, is nectar itself, compared to the Harrogate springs. Try the sulphur water there, and be convinced!

We have a long day before us, and plenty to see in it. A man never knows how much he can see and do in a day until he tries. Everybody knows the story of the three Kalendars and the Pope. Said the Pope to Kalendar No. 1, "How long do you remain in Rome?" With sorrow the Kalendar replied, "Oh! Holy Father, but one day." The Pope smiled graciously and said, "Then you will see a great deal." Then he turned to the second Kalendar, and demanded, "And how long do *you* stay?" The Kalendar smiled and answered briskly, "Oh! Holy Father, at least a month;" but the Pope's countenance grew clouded, and he made reply, "You will see a little." Finally he put the same question to the third, and he, with great exultation, cried, "Oh! Holy Father, a whole year." The Pope shook his head and turned away, saying, "Alas! you will see nothing at all." The moral of which story is, of course, that when you can see a place at any time you see it never.

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Enough of the writers and their letters. As to the point at issue it surely is a matter for each church and congregation to decide for themselves. "Let everyone keep his own door-step clean," is a capital prescription for a clean street, and one which would cure, or at least hide, a great many dirty spots in the establishment. Some clergy and congregations prefer boys in surplices; others, more gallantly, hold by women in gowns. All the better for outsiders who like a little variety now and then; all the better also for the Church of England herself. She cannot be said to drive any one from her fold so long as she suits every taste, at least in a city like Manchester. All honour to the zeal and labour which have created and kept up such choirs as exist in our churches. Some are voluntary; let us not expect too much from them; let us not attempt to dictate to them whether their trebles should be gowned or surpliced. We have heard plenty of good singing from both costumes. If the service be hearty and congregational, it is absurd, if not altogether wrong, to grumble because there is no boy (or woman as the case may be) in the choir, capable of taking certain parts in certain elaborate anthems. Then as to paid choirs, let Mr. Joule be satisfied with the musical treat he can and does give the public each Sunday at St. Peter's, and leave the cathedral, and similar benighted places, to boys and inferiority. To lay down any general rule, or to endeavour to force any such general rule upon every church, or, still worse, to use strong language towards those who have, and follow, their own opinion, is, begging pardon of all the writers in the *Courier*, mischievous and nonsensical.

To us it seems the old question of Surplice *versus* Gown over again. Where there is a surpliced choir there are boy trebles. Where there are no surplices, there the choir, as a rule, is composed of men and women. In the former case, the surplice is generally to be seen in the pulpit; in the latter, the gown. In the former, the tendency of the church will be high; in the latter, low. The question of surplice *versus* gown in the choir-stall becomes an echo of surplice *versus* gown in the pulpit, of altar *versus* communion-table, of Anglican *versus* Evangelical. It need not be so. We protest against the jumbling together of essential and non-essential, which causes well-intentioned churchmen to become unreasonable and unreasoning bigots about matters of minor importance, and oftentimes to inflict serious harm on their church and on Christianity at large, by fiercely squabbling over trifles. We have had enough of white gown *versus* black gown. "Agree to differ" is the advice of common sense to all churchmen—the very last advice which they seem willing to take. On the contrary, they make mountains out of mole-hills, and dig them up so busily, as to weaken the very foundations of the church they profess to love so well.

THE PICTURES AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FIGURES AND PORTRAITS.

UNQUESTIONABLY Mr. Madox Brown's drawing, Elijah and the Widow's Son (No. 477), is the finest picture in the exhibition; indeed it is hardly speaking too strongly to say that it is one of the few great works of modern times, and, considering that its like is but seldom seen—perhaps once in a dozen years or so, in provincial exhibitions—it should of itself be an attraction sufficient to draw all who pretend to a liking for, or an interest in, or a comprehension of art, to the Royal Institution. Few who see this picture can fail to discern its evident and superficial beauties, such as the charming scheme of colour, and the skill with which that scheme is carried out; also the beauty of the general design and complete manner of execution. These scarcely need to be expressly pointed out, but there is here one noble quality attempted, and in a great part successfully, which is so rare in most modern pictures that its existence may well pass unnoticed unless attention be specially directed to it—that quality is style. Style in art may be best explained as a kind of idealism, not by any means to be confounded with imagination or invention, but simply understood as meaning a strict selection of the most beautiful and noble type of each object represented, whether it be face, form, drapery, or position. Of course there are some pictures, particularly those called genre, in which a story is to be told, that often require the choice of low types if they are to be painted at all; but it is doubtful if such pictures do any good to art except to serve as warnings to those that are likely to come after. The most perfect figure in Mr. Brown's drawing is that of the mother kneeling. It would be hard to conceive anything more impressive than the composition of the whole figure, or the nobleness of the head. In the drapery, however, are a few points hardly so satisfactory, though the general intention is very fine. Much the same may be said of the figure of the widow's son, of which the face is simply perfect in expression as well as beauty. The head of the Prophet Elijah is the least laudable part of the whole work. No one can tell what type of man

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OUR dear old friend, the *Courier*, has its "gigantic turnip" ready for all occasions, in the shape of a letter column. No sooner does parliament dissolve, or news become scarce, than an obliging correspondent favours the Editor with a letter on some debatable topic, throwing down a gauntlet which is immediately caught up by a dozen eager controversialists, who have all apparently been watching for the opportunity, and plunge into print with a promptitude and energy indescribable. The mustard-seed of one tiny letter grows into a weekly or bi-weekly column and a half, or two columns, of lengthy epistles. Lovers of Truth, Constant Readers, Anti-Humbugs, and the like, tilt pens at one another, with a vast expenditure of adjectives, and as Mrs. Malaprop puts it, a "nice derangement of epitaphs." The contagion spreads; the editor has to pick and prune; his waste basket is full to overflowing. His appointed Lovers of Truth find their letters simply noticed amidst a host of others, as "Received." Finally, all of a sudden, while the battle is at its hottest, and the combatants are waxing fiercer and yet fiercer still, the Editor waves his ruthless pen, and all is over. The fight is hushed, as if by magic. Lovers of Truth, and all their company, make agonized appeals for one more letter apiece, but in vain. The fiat has gone forth; the decree, like that of the Medes and Persians, altereth not; the combatants must perforce retire, grumbling and dissatisfied, as well they may be, for they have done no damage to their opponents, or good to their cause. The point at issue remains more hopelessly at issue than before.

During the last few weeks the *Courier's* letter column has been occupied with a no doubt momentous, but extremely ungallant, controversy on the subject of Boys *versus* Women in Choirs. At first this controversy was a duel between a gentleman who styled himself "No Goth" and a Mr. Glover, well known in Manchester musical circles, who was Goth enough to contradict "No Goth's" statements, and in very decided language. After a time a legion of backers, on either side, started up and filled the column with their views, pro and con. Foremost in the fray, Mr. Joule rushed into print, tenderly alive to any implied reproach on St. Peter's, and what the profane are wont to call the Sunday Concert there. A "Lover of Good Music," a "Choir Master" from Huddersfield, and other admirers of the female treble, followed suit, and fell tooth and nail upon "No Goth," proving to their hearts' content that he was also "No—everything which a musical critic ought to be." Meanwhile, advocates were not wanting for the other, the boy, side of the question. Even the weighty opinions of Messrs. Glover and Joule were set at nought. Women were proved to be out of place altogether in choir or chancel; their dresses, no matter how white, to be a sorry substitute for the surplice; their habits to be as careless and talkative as those of any, even the most incorrigible young pickles who ever broke the heart of choir leader or organist; their voices to be no sweeter, and, at any rate, not a bit more lasting than those of their boy rivals, because they have an unlucky trick, it appears, of attracting the sentimental attentions of the male singers, and finally disappearing from the choir in company with the tenor or bass—having sung themselves into matrimony. Moreover, the Bible was quoted against their admission into the choir-stalls. Does not St. Paul expressly declare that women are to keep silence in church. What do Messrs. Glover and Joule say to that? The question, of course, is settled at once! "No Goth" himself was not idle all this time. Latterly, he seems to have lost his temper. His last letter was simply "received" by the editor, with a terse remark about personalities. Altogether, so far as space is concerned, Messrs. Glover, Joule, and Co. had the best of it. Like the sex whose cause they advocated, they were allowed the last word.

Enough of the writers and their letters. As to the point at issue it surely is a matter for each church and congregation to decide for themselves. "Let everyone keep his own door-step clean," is a capital prescription for a clean street, and one which would cure, or at least hide, a great many dirty spots in the establishment. Some clergy and congregations prefer boys in surplices; others, more gallantly, hold by women in gowns. All the better for outsiders who like a little variety now and then; all the better also for the Church of England herself. She cannot be said to drive any one from her fold so long as she suits every taste, at least in a city like Manchester. All honour to the zeal and labour which have created and kept up such choirs as exist in our churches. Some are voluntary; let us not expect too much from them; let us not attempt to dictate to them whether their trebles should be gowned or surpliced. We have heard plenty of good singing from both costumes. If the service be hearty and congregational, it is absurd, if not altogether wrong, to grumble because there is no boy (or woman as the case may be) in the choir, capable of taking certain parts in certain elaborate anthems. Then as to paid choirs, let Mr. Joule be satisfied with the musical treat he can and does give the public each Sunday at St. Peter's, and leave the cathedral, and similar benighted places, to boys and inferiority. To lay down any general rule, or to endeavour to force any such general rule upon every church, or, still worse, to use strong language towards those who have, and follow, their own opinion, is, begging pardon of all the writers in the *Courier*, mischievous and nonsensical.

To us it seems the old question of Surplice *versus* Gown over again. Where there is a surpliced choir there are boy trebles. Where there are no surplices, there the choir, as a rule, is composed of men and women. In the former case, the surplice is generally to be seen in the pulpit; in the latter, the gown. In the former, the tendency of the church will be high; in the latter, low. The question of surplice *versus* gown in the choir-stall becomes an echo of surplice *versus* gown in the pulpit, of altar *versus* communion-table, of Anglican *versus* Evangelical. It need not be so. We protest against the jumbling together of essential and non-essential, which causes well-intentioned churchmen to become unreasonable and unreasoning bigots about matters of minor importance, and oftentimes to inflict serious harm on their church and on Christianity at large, by fiercely squabbling over trifles. We have had enough of white gown *versus* black gown. "Agree to differ" is the advice of common sense to all churchmen—the very last advice which they seem willing to take. On the contrary, they make mountains out of mole-hills, and dig them up so busily, as to weaken the very foundations of the church they profess to love so well.

THE PICTURES AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FIGURES AND PORTRAITS.

UNQUESTIONABLY Mr. Madox Brown's drawing, Elijah and the Widow's Son (No. 477), is the finest picture in the exhibition; indeed it is hardly speaking too strongly to say that it is one of the few great works of modern times, and, considering that its like is but seldom seen—perhaps once in a dozen years or so, in provincial exhibitions—it should of itself be an attraction sufficient to draw all who pretend to a liking for, or an interest in, or a comprehension of art, to the Royal Institution. Few who see this picture can fail to discern its evident and superficial beauties, such as the charming scheme of colour, and the skill with which that scheme is carried out; also the beauty of the general design and complete manner of execution. These scarcely need to be expressly pointed out, but there is here one noble quality attempted, and in a great part successfully, which is so rare in most modern pictures that its existence may well pass unnoticed unless attention be specially directed to it—that quality is style. Style in art may be best explained as a kind of idealism, not by any means to be confounded with imagination or invention, but simply understood as meaning a strict selection of the most beautiful and noble type of each object represented, whether it be face, form, drapery, or position. Of course there are some pictures, particularly those called genre, in which a story is to be told, that often require the choice of low types if they are to be painted at all; but it is doubtful if such pictures do any good to art except to serve as warnings to those that are likely to come after. The most perfect figure in Mr. Brown's drawing is that of the mother kneeling. It would be hard to conceive anything more impressive than the composition of the whole figure, or the nobleness of the head. In the drapery, however, are a few points hardly so satisfactory, though the general intention is very fine. Much the same may be said of the figure of the widow's son, of which the face is simply perfect in expression as well as beauty. The head of the Prophet Elijah is the least laudable part of the whole work. No one can tell what type of man

Elijah was, and nothing need have prevented Mr. Brown from selecting a head which should have come as nearly as possible to the highest ideal of the beauty of old age. He has, however, chosen a type more striking for character than beauty, and thereby, in this one instance, has fallen short of the high standard of style attained in the other portions of his picture. By deciding to paint the subject in this manner, under an effect of sunlight, Mr. Brown gave himself an extra and serious difficulty to start with. However he has overcome it with many others; and one thing may safely be said—there are few artists who would attempt such a work, and fewer still who could so succeed in carrying it out.

Too strong a protest cannot be entered against a class of pictures which seems to be numberless, judging by the quantity exhibited year after year (not by any means in Manchester only), and which may be generally described as pictures of clothes. A subject is chosen from some book or play, it doesn't matter what, so long as an opportunity is afforded of dressing the models in some costume of a past age; in many cases it doesn't seem to have mattered what the models themselves were like. There are plenty of examples of "Clothes" pictures this year, but it will be enough to point out one or two. Mr. Houston's Captured Banner (38), and Mr. Marshall's King's Messenger in the Time of Civil War (52), can have been painted only for the costumes. If there be any other motive, it is so cunningly concealed that the public may well be forgiven if they fail to find it out. These paintings are not redeemed by good workmanship or any serious attempts at beauty of any kind, the possession of which would, of course, at once give them some kind of a place among works of art. That many people like works of this kind, or else they would not exist in such numbers, does nothing to justify the painting of them. The more pictures produced to suit the taste of a branch of the public that has yet to be educated in art, the more hopeless becomes the task of educating that public, and the more forlorn the chance of good modern art. The answer is that an artist must paint what will sell in order that he may live. That is no doubt a bitter fact, and may be an excuse for many misdeeds on the part of young painters, but should be none for Mr. J. D. Watson, who, with his known position and success, ought not to paint, far less exhibit, two such works as On Guard (158) and An Evening Walk (259), unless, indeed, he is really satisfied with them himself; which, considering the work he has done formerly, seems impossible.

What can be said for Mr. E. M. Ward's Grinling Gibbons at Court (80), except that there is a certain kind of skill in the composition of the figures? The colours and painting are most objectionable, and the attempted expression of the faces, where it is not sunk to insipidity, is simply exaggeration. What, again, can be said for the mass of marionnettes—called by Mr. O'Neil Before Waterloo, and backed up in the catalogue by six lines of quotation—but that it fails in almost every artistic quality: in colour, composition, painting, and even dramatic power. There is one picture now in the Royal Institution which should never have been painted, or, being painted, should never have been hung in any exhibition, and that is Mr. Collinson's Sisters of Charity teaching Blind Girls to Sing (113). Nothing could be more painful or in worse taste than the subject, and it is well that it has not merits of execution even to deserve any special remark.

Mr. W. B. Morris's Chatterton (114) is a very earnest and complete picture, well drawn, quiet in colour, and the composition well balanced. It contrasts very favourably with (108) Locked In, by Mr. Mackley. Both are in the same key of colour, but the last is by comparison thin and wanting in concentration. Mr. Mackley has in the same room a group of Fruit (19) which is much more satisfactory, the arrangement and finish being quite equal to anything of the kind we generally see. It is strange, however, that both pictures are wanting in the more serious artistic qualities we should expect to find in the work of a master of an important School of Design.

A very charming picture, hung much too high, is Miss Herford's The Boy Mozart (191). The boy, seated at the organ, is extremely graceful, and the whole, as far as can be seen, is thoughtful and well painted.

There are two exhibitors this year whose works are not likely to be appreciated as they deserve, for their merits are by no means superficial, and their faults are. These are Mr. R. S. Stanhope and Mr. A. B. Donaldson. In the Rape of Proserpine (99), by Mr. Stanhope, the drawing is in many parts very weak, and the colour of the whole is not so satisfactory as usual; but, on the other hand, the intention is excellent, and the composition and painting of the head and arms of Proserpine, and the tone and quality of the sky, are very beautiful. In the first of Mr. Donaldson's pictures, Music During a Banquet (118), the attainment of a good pattern of colour seems to be the chief motive, and so far it is very good; but the picture is dreadfully crowded, and one great objection is that it looks like an echo of some old Venetian work. The Vespers (233A) is badly hung, and cannot be fairly judged; it appears, however, to be well designed.

Mr. Brennan's important picture, Preaching in the Colisseum (229), though not so entirely satisfactory as his work of last year, the Via della Vita, is powerful and impressive, the colour being sober and harmonious, and the many groups of figures well placed; the action and attitude of the monk preaching is especially fine.

Purely imaginative pictures are but rare just now, and Mr. W. B. Scott's (380) "Behold, the veil of the Temple was rent," and Sir Noel Paton's Nickar the Soulless (179) have consequently a certain interest. The first is very daring in design, and is effectively carried out; and the second has a strange fascination about it (in spite of an unpleasant kind of colour and painting), owing to the singularly weird expression in the face of Nickar, and the peculiar effect of light over everything. Still, it cannot be said to be in any way a pleasant picture.

Thoroughly healthy and powerful are Mr. J. Knight's two water-colour drawings, Waiting for the Priest (421) and Café au lait (587), which are principally characterized by great strength of colour and simplicity of subject and composition; a greater refinement in the more delicate parts, for instance the white table cloth in No. 587, and generally a greater regard to beauty of form in the draperies may be desired, but as far as they are carried these drawings are eminently satisfactory.

Mr. William Morton has a clever study of a very ugly old woman, entitled Drying Clothes on the Beach (569B). It is pleasing in colour, and as far as can be seen, for it is hung very high, seems very well painted.

There are no works of art so difficult to criticize with fairness to the artist as portraits, for it is impossible to tell how far errors in taste, in dress, and in accessories, are caused by the ignorance of the sitters who, having once an idea (founded most likely on the opinion of the milliner) that some certain shape or colour of dress becomes them, will insist on being painted in that dress, perhaps to the utter ruin of the portrait as a work of art. Of course only portraits of children and ladies are referred to; male costumes now-a-days are so hideous in their similarity, as far as form goes, that no one is worse than another, but they have the negative merit, at any rate, of being harmless as to colour. As a consequence, male portraits do not exhibit those prismatic atrocities so often seen on the walls of an exhibition. Portrait painters of high standing, if they take the trouble, may over-ride the prejudices and vanities of their sitters, but it must often be very hard for the younger men to persuade some ladies that an artist is a better judge of what is effective and becoming in dress, than a fashionable milliner. In the present exhibition there is a pleasing absence of vulgarity in the portraits. Mr. Percy's five pictures represent him excellently. Sam Bamford (341) is a grand subject, and the portrait is one of the finest Mr. Percy has ever painted; but it is hung so high and at such an unfortunate angle as to light, that it cannot be properly seen; indeed, in some parts of the room it cannot be seen at all. The head of Mr. R. Shiels, of Oldham (104), is well hung, and cannot be over-praised for the skill with which delicacy of tone and colour is united with strong masculine character and power. Much the same may be said of the portrait of Mr. J. Chatwood (305), though it is rather less forcible. As a painter of portraits in water-colours, Mr. Percy stands almost alone. He manages to achieve the same results as in his oil paintings, in what in most hands is a weaker medium. Witness Annie May (434), where delicacy is again united with great power, particularly in the strongly marked head and tawny manenke hair.

Mr. C. A. Duval has only one portrait this year, Mr. John Rylands (273), which, well painted and no doubt a most excellent likeness, is just a little stiff in pose. Here may be rectified an accidental omission last week of a notice of Mr. Duval's two seascapes (79 and 124), which are admirable in colour, composition, and that rare and valuable quality —poetic effect.

Mr. Morris's portrait (74) is careful and severe, and sober in colour, as also is 318 by Mr. Measham. The style of both artists is somewhat similar, but Mr. Morris's painting seems more solid.

There are a few pictures in the exhibition which may be classed as portraits, though without the sanction of the catalogue. For instance Miss Well's Diana (160), which is most pleasing and careful; and Girl with Moth (4), by Mr. G. R. Chapman, in whose work great effort to attain beauty of a high kind compensates for a very amateurish execution and want of completeness.

Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., though a great artist, is not by any means equal in his work, and what represents him this year is rather unimportant. Virginia (7), spoilt by the light in which it is hung, every mark of the brush being visible, is beautiful in colour; and Mergretta (11) is a wonder as a piece of flesh-painting of a very peculiar kind of complexion. There is no reason why Mr. Watts's study of two asses' heads (152) should not be considered under the class of "portraits." They are painted in a large and masterly manner, and as a study deserve great praise.

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THE GAMBLERS OF THE COTTON TRADE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—There are not many amongst the numerous readers of your popular journal who would require proof of the proposition that "he who seizes a gain without rendering any useful service in return, does an immoral act" It is not surprising, however, that a reasoner who speaks of *unreal* conclusions should do so. Had your correspondent no misgivings in his heart when he asked for such proofs? If he has shared in such gains, has he quite satisfied himself as to where they came from.

As the question of speculation is of very serious importance to the cotton trade, I will, with your permission, analyze the process more minutely, and will try to show to your correspondent that it has had very much to do with causing and perpetuating the present abnormal state of trade.

Between the grower and the manufacturer, and between the manufacturer and the ultimate consumer, the wearer of the fabric, stand necessary middle men, merchants, brokers, and agents, who are the medium of exchange and distribution, and who form the channel through which supply and demand are adjusted to each other. When consumption increases, they convey the increased demand to the producers, and so put those forces in operation which tend to increase the production; and when consumption decreases, they convey the check to the producers. Upon the surface the line which divides these legitimate operations from those of the speculator is not well marked. But let us look closer. The speculator stands in the place of a middle man, but he neither forwards nor distributes the goods in which he speculates, but merely holds them in view of a turn of the market, and then resells them, either to some other speculator or to some legitimate trader, who finally passes them on in their natural course towards the consumer.

The speculator is thus a middle man too many. With the appearance of a trader, he is in reality, an artificial consumer. He competes for the temporary possession of the commodity, and his competition gives a temporary impulse to prices and consequently to production. It is this last effect of speculation which has, perhaps, led your correspondent to regard it as a cause of growth and activity. But the stimulus to production caused by speculation is like the stimulus of ardent spirits to the bodily system; it is followed like it by disorder and hurtful reaction. While an artificial scarcity is produced and prices are forced up, the purchases of the speculator hang over the market. Speculation cannot permanently raise or lower prices, and for that very reason it results in pernicious effects. The same quantity of goods must ultimately be brought to market as if the speculator had not interfered. His demand is artificial and temporary, and sooner or later there must ensue a fall in prices, bringing disaster upon all legitimate holders, and cheating the capitalists and labourers attracted to production by the high prices. That fall is the Nemesis of speculation, avenging the injury which has been inflicted on the real consumers. Every part of the vast and complex trade is in quick sympathy with the rest; a reaction in prices travels rapidly through every stage, and every capitalist and labourer engaged in it is liable to share in its effects. The speculator is sometimes deservedly caught, but his business is to watch narrowly the mischief he has made, and sell out (before the fall comes), and he does so. Can your correspondent now see where his gains come from?

The effects of speculation are exhibited in striking relief in the disastrous panics which have occurred in the cotton trade in recent years. These have always been preceded by extension, and sometimes by the most wild speculation. The general unsteadiness of value caused by speculation has had much to do with the unprofitableness of the trade; it has tended to discourage the growth of cotton. It is more than probable that if it had not been for the extreme depression of prices in 1867, we should now be receiving much larger supplies from India and other countries. That depression was the natural reaction to previous speculation. Doubtless an abundant supply of cotton will cause greater steadiness of value, because a large stock is not as easily affected by speculation.

When trade is in the diseased condition in which the cotton trade has latterly been, the ordinary members of the trade are frequently drawn into the vortex of speculation, almost in spite of themselves, and the legitimate and speculative elements of business shade into each other. But the shipper can be in no uncertainty as to the character of his transaction when he buys goods with the clear intention of reselling them in the Manchester market, or the spinner when he resells cotton in the Liverpool market. For the shipper to lay in stock with a view to the wants of his ordinary customers, and for the spinner to provide himself well for his own consumption, is fair and legitimate, but to buy in order to throw again on the same market, is an attempt to seize unjust gains.

The speculator is emphatically a gambler, and his game is attended by all the passions of the race-course and the gaming table. Whether he wins or loses, he injures the community and corrupts his own character. He is seldom content with staking his own money, nor does he often scruple to enter into engagements which he can only meet in the event of success. Men are dazzled by the quick rise of the successful speculator, and become impatient with slow and honest gains. But there is a curse upon the gambler's purse. The glare of success, or its admixture with legitimate trade, does not destroy the character of speculation. It is immoral in principle, and impoverishing and corrupting in its effects.—Yours,

BANQUO.

September 28th, 1869.

ORMOND STREET RAGGED SCHOOL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

Sir,—Permit me, as superintendent of the above institution, and as present at the meeting of which some one has, through your columns, favoured the public with a somewhat incorrect account, to claim the right of a word or two, as explanatory, and vindicatory reply. "Liberty" writes *** "selections from Shakespere are forbidden to be read or quoted, but the very youngest child in the school is enjoined to read the Bible through, from Genesis to Revelations." As to the first allegation, so far from forbidding "selections," it was most explicitly declared, *nem. con.*, that selections like those in the Privy Council's books or any standard English Reader are perfectly allowable and good. As to the second allegation, or any inuendo it may mask; we certainly do, and shall continue to enjoin the very youngest child to read the Bible through, believing with Paul, that all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for the varied uses named by him in his commendation to Timothy for knowing it from a child.

I remain, Sir, yours very respectfully,

EDWIN GIBBS.

17, Cornbrook-st., Chorlton-road.

THE HAND-BELL RINGERS AT BELLE-VUE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—In your journal of Oct 2nd, I perceive a rather amusing but somewhat one-sided article on the Hand-Bell Ringing Contest at Belle-Vue. Out of justice to the Broseley Campanologian Band allow me to write a few words concerning certain of your statements. In speaking of the fourth prize, won by the Broseley bell ringers, you assert that your criticism, and that of the public generally, went for nothing; this is placing both the bell ringers and the judges of their performance in a rather peculiar position. In fact it is as much as attempting to put your and their opinion before those elected to fulfil the office of musical critics by the projectors of the contest. There is a want of musical knowledge displayed in the following sentence:—"They

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were a most energetic lot, and manipulated their bells with such energy,—particularly one fussy and per-piring little man, who, not content with his own assortment of bells, snatched at his neighbours and rang theirs too, occasionally—that we were quite relieved when they shut up." You should bear in mind that it is customary for ringers to change bells during the performance of certain pieces. You will, upon consideration, I think, agree with me that you have dealt rather unfairly with the Salopians. They travelled a distance of about 150 miles for the sake of winning a prize of the value of two pounds; they are a body of hard working men, who make the glorious art of music the study of their leisure hours. They mastered a difficult piece of classical music. Zampa, I think, is considered an intricate composition for self-educated workmen to attempt. The Broscleyites have won other prizes besides those obtained at Manchester. They have been often listened to, with pleasure, by first-class musicians, and will, I trust, go on ringing our Broseley bells, both in the church tower and at any other place where a friendly challenge takes them, when such an unfair paper as yours has been long forgotten.—I am, yours respectfully,

W. POWNALL.

Jackfield, Salop, Oct. 5th, 1869.

THE CATHOLIC CHARITIES.—A bazaar, in aid of three catholic charities in Manchester, was opened in the Free Trade Hall, on Tuesday, and will remain open until the end of the week. The result, so far, has quite answered the expectations of the promoters—the amount received on the first two days exceeding £1,000. As regards the three charities, for whose assistance the bazaar is held, they may be best described in the words of the mayor (Mr. J. Grave), who performed the opening ceremony. Aid, he said, was sought, in the first place, for an institution for penitent women. Those women belonged to no religious class, strictly speaking; but they belonged to all classes. Their next object was to aid the orphan. Children without fathers and mothers were often the prey of the father of mischief. Society should be the parent of the defenceless little ones. He trusted that the efforts which were being made on behalf of St. Bridget's Orphanage would be successful. With regard to industrial schools, the Corporation of Manchester had felt that prevention was better than cure; that it was better to take the young Arab, and educate him, than to imprison him for crimes arising from a state of life ever which he had no control. The City Council, therefore, felt bound to grant money to any sect of Christians who would build industrial schools for children, especially orphans, who whilst in the streets lived constantly upon the border land of crime. Looking at it only from a low commercial point of view, the criminal population cost a vast sum of money, as compared with which the training to honest industry of outcast children was a mere trifle. Towards the establishment of this last-named institution, the industrial schools for destitute children, subscriptions have been raised to the amount of £1,300, towards £2,000, which is designed to supplement a grant of £3,000 made by the City Council. The money raised by the bazaar will be divided, in certain fixed proportions, among the three charities, and it is confidently anticipated that a substantial benefit will accrue to each.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

RECEIVED.—A.Z. (Thanks); Spectator; R.H. (Moss-Side).

W. H. (Moss-lane.—The joke has already been made in one of the Manchester newspapers; the *City News*, we believe.

ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH.—"A Member of St. Clement's" informs us that the church has not yet been consecrated, but is still only licensed. He proceeds:—"If required, reasons could be given to account for the unusually small attendance on the Sunday morning when your representative is known to have been present; and also for the absence of several of the choir, which I would here say has frequently been the subject of well-merited commendation from strangers who have visited St, Clement's. So far from the church being one of the deserted ones, I am able to say that, notwithstanding the difficulties mentioned in the article,—a diminishing population, and others of a peculiar character—with which our clergyman has to deal, there has been since his appointment, a large increase in the number of seat-holders, and this number is steadily increasing." We described things *as they were*, not as they might, could, should, or would be; and it will be seen from the foregoing, that our statements were substantially correct,

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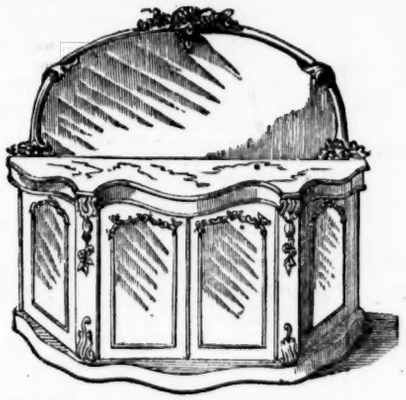

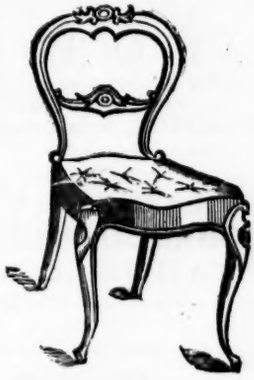

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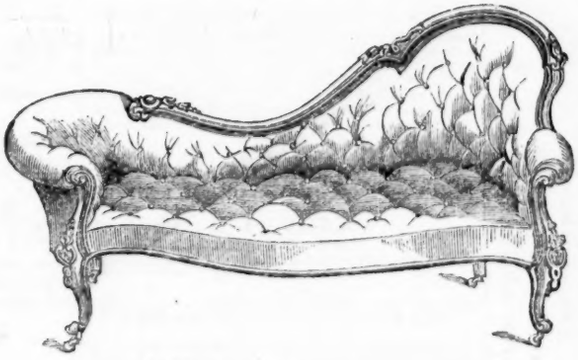

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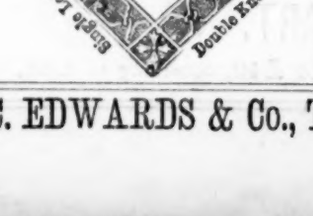

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